The Merry Deuill OF EDMONTON.

J. VIII R

As it hath been ſundry times *Acted, by his Maieſties* Seruants, at the Globe on *the Bancke-ſide.*

LONDON.
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BRITISH MUSEUM

The Merry Deuill of Edmonton.

The Prologue.

YOur silence and attention worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sence,
Relish the life of this our actiue sceane,
To which intent, to calme this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our inuoking spelles,
If that your listning eares be yet prepard
To entertaine the subiect of our Play,
Lend vs your patience.
Tis *Peter Fabell* a renowned Scholler,
Whose fame hath still beene hitherto forgot,
By all the Writers of this latter age.
In *Middle-sex* his birth and his abode,
Not full seauen miles from this great famous Citty,
That for his fame in sleights and magicke won,
was cald *The merry Fiend of Edmonton.*
If any heere make doubt of such a name,
In *Edmonton* yet fresh vnto this day,
Fixt in the wall of that old ancient Church
His Monument remaineth to be seene;
His memory yet in the mouthes of men,
That whilst he liu'd he could deceiue the Deuill.
Imagine now that whilst he is retir'd,
From *Cambridge* backe vnto his natiue home,
Suppose the silent sable visagde night,

Casts her blacke curtaine ouer all the world,
And whilest he sleepes within his silent bed,
Toyled with the studies of the passed day:
The very time and houre wherein that Spirit
That many yeares attended his commaund;
And often times twixt *Cambridge* and that towne,
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre:
By composition twixt the fiend and him, *Draw the curtaines.*
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due.
Behold him heere laide on his restlesse couch,
His fatall chime prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with his sable slights,
And by him stands that Negromaniicke chaire,
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
Sit with a pleased eye vntill you know
The Commicke end of our sad Tragique show.

The Chime goes, in which time, Fabell is oft seene to start about him, and hould vp his hands.

Fab. What meanes the touling of this fatall chime?
O what a trembling horror strikes my heart!
My stiffned haire stands vpright on my head,
As doe the bristles of a Porcupine.

Enter Coreb a Spirit.

Cor. *Fabell* awake, or I will beare thee hence headlong to Hell.

Fab. Ha, ha, why dost thou wake me?
Coreb, is it thou?

Cor. Tis I.

Fab. I know thee well, I heare the watchfull dogs,
with hollow howling tell of thy approach,
The lights burne dim affrighted with thy presence:
And this distemperd and tempestuous night
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Deuill.

Cor. Come art thou ready?

Fab. Whither? or to what?
Cor. Why Scholler, this the houre my date expires,
I muſt depart, and come to claime my due.
Fab. Hah, what is thy due?
Cor. *Fabell*, thy ſelfe.
Fab. O let not darkeneſſe heere thee ſpeake that word,
Leaſt that with force it hurry hence amaine,
And leaue the world to looke vpon my woe,
Yet ouerwhelme me with this globe of earth,
And let a little ſparrow with her bill
Take but ſo much as ſhe can beare away,
That euery day thus looſing of my loade,
I may againe in time yet hope to riſe.
Cor. Didſt thou not write thy name in thine owne blood?
And drewſt the formall deed twixt thee and mee,
And is it not recorded now in hell?
Fab. Why comſt thou in this ſterne and horred ſhape?
Not in familiar ſort as thou waſt wont?
Cor. Becauſe the date of thy command is out,
And I am maſter of thy skill and thee.
Fab. *Coreb*, thou angry and impatient ſpirit,
I haue earneſt buſineſſe for a priuate friend,
Reſerue me ſpirt vntill ſome further time.
Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.
Fab. Then let me riſe, and ere I leaue the world,
Ile diſpatch ſome buſines that I haue to doe,
And in meane time repoſe thee in that chaire.
Cor. *Fabell*, I will, *Sit downe.*
Fab. O that this ſoule that coſt ſo great a price,
As the deere pretious bloud of her redeemer,
Inſpirde with knowledge, ſhould by that alone
Which makes a man ſo meane vnto the powers,
Euen lead him downe into the depth of hell,
When men in their owne pride ſtriue to know more
Then man ſhou'd know!
For this alone God caſt the Angels downe,
The infinitie of Arts is like a ſea,

Into

Into which when man will take in hand to saile
Further then reason, which should be his Pilot,
Hath skill to guide him, loosing once his compasse,
He falleth to such deepe and dangerous whirlepooles,
As he doth loose the very sight of heauen:
The more he striues to come to quiet harbor,
The further still he findes himselfe from land,
Man striuing still to finde the depth of euill,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a Deuill.

Cor. Come *Fabell*, hast thou don?

Fabell. Yes, yes, come hither:

Cor. Fabell, I cannot.

Fabell. Cannot, what ayles your hollownesse?

Cor. Godd *Fabell* helpe me.

Fab. Alas where lies your griefe? some Aqua-vitæ,
The Deuil's very sicke, I feare hee'l die,
for he lookes very ill.

Cor. Darst thou deride the minister of darkenesse?
In *Lucifers* great name *Coreb* coniures thee
to set him free.

Fab. I will not for all the mines of all the earth,
Vnlesse thou giue me liberty to see,
Seauen yeares more before thou seaze on mee.

Cor. Fabell, I giue it thee.

Fab. Sweare damned fiend.

Cor. Vnbinde me, and by hell I will not touch thee,
Till seauen yeares from this houre be full expired.

Fab. Enough, come out.

Cor. A vengeance take thy art,
Liue, and conuert all piety to euill,
Neuer did man thus ouer-reach the Deuill;
No time on earth like Phaetontique flames,
Can haue perpetuall being. Ile returne
To my infernall mansion, but be sure
Thy seauen yeares don, no tricke shall make me tarry,
But *Coreb*, thou to hell shalt *Fabell* carry.

Fab. Then thus betwixt vs two this variance ends,

Thou

Thou to thy fellow Fiends, I to my Friends. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas his Lady, Milliscent his Daughter, young Clare, the men booted, the Gentle-women in Cloakes and Safe-gardes, Blague the merry Host of the George comes in with them.

Host. WElcome good Knight to the George at *Waltham*,
My Freehold, my Tenements, goods & chattels:
Madam heer's a roome in the very Homer & Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the foure elements in it; I built it out of the Center, and I drinke nere the lesse Sacke.
Welcome my little wast of Maiden-heads, what?
I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Clare. God a mercy my good Host *Blague*,
Thou hast a good seat heere.

Host. Tis correspondent or so, there's not a *Tartarian*
Nor a Carrier shall breath vpon your Geldings,
They haue villanous rancke feete, the rogues,
And they shall not sweat in my linnen.
Knights and Lords too haue beene drunke in my house,
I thanke the Destinies.

Har. Pre'the good sinfull In-keeper, will that corruptiõ, thine Ostler looke well to my Gelding: Hay, a poxe of these rushes.

Host. You, Saint *Dennis*, your Gelding shall walke without doores, and coole his feete for his maisters sake, by the body of S. *George*, I haue an excellent intellect to go steale some venison: Now when wast thou in the Forrest?

Har. A way you stale messe of white-broth: Come hither Sister, let me helpe you.

Clare. Mine Host, is not Sir *Richard Mounchensey* come yet, according to our appoyntment when we last dined heere?

Host. The Knights not yet apparant, marry heer's a forerunner that summons a parley; and faith, hee'le be here top and top gallant presently.

Clar. Tis well; good mine Host goe downe, and see breakefast be prouided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes

me downe, I am for the baſer Element of the Kitchin; I retire like a valiant Soldier, face point-blanke to the foe-man; or like a Courtier, that muſt not ſhew the Prince his poſteriors; vaniſh to know my Canuaſadoes, and my interrogatories, for I ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Clar. How doth my Lady, are you not weary Madame?
Come hither, I muſt talke in priuate with you,
My daughter *Milliſent* muſt not ouer-heare.

Mill. I, whiſpering, pray God it tend to my good,
Strange feares aſſailes my heart, vſurpes my blood.

Cla. You know our meeting with the Knight *Mounchenſey*,
Is to aſſure our Daughter to his Heire.

Dor. Tis without queſtion.

Cla. Two tedious winters haue paſt ore, ſince firſt
Theſe couple lou'd each other, and in paſſion,
Glewd firſt their naked hands with youthfull moyſture,
iuſt ſo long on my knowledge.

Dor. And what of this?

Cla. This morning ſhould my Daughter looſe her name,
And to *Mounchenſeyes* houſe conuey our armes,
Quartered within his ſcutchion; th'affiance made
Twixt him and her, this morning ſhould be ſeald.

Dor. I know it ſhould.

Cla. But there are croſſes wife, heer's one in *Waltham*,
An other at the *Abbey*; and the third
At *Cheſton*: and it is omonious to paſſe
Any of theſe without a Pater-noſter.
Croſſes of loue ſtill thwart this marriage,
Whilſt that we two like ſpirits walke in night,
About thoſe ſtony and hard hearted plots.

Mill. O God, what meanes my Father?

Cla. For looke you wife, the riotous old Knight,
Hath ore-run his annuall reuenue,
In keeping iolly Chriſtmas all the yeare,
The noſtrilles of his chimneys are ſtill ſtufft
With ſmoake, more chargeable then Cane-tobacco;
His hawkes deuoure his fatteſt Dogs, whilſt ſimple,

His leaneſt Curres eate his hounds carrion;
Beſides I heard of late, his younger Brother,
Or Turkey-Merchant, hath ſure ſuc'de the Knight,
By meanes of ſome great loſſes on the Sea:
That you conceiue me, before God all naught,
His ſeate is weake, thus each thing rightly ſtand,
Youle ſee a flight, wife ſhortly of his Land.

Mill. Treaſon to my hearts trueſt Soueraigne,
How ſoone is loue ſmothered in foggy gaine?

Dor. But how ſhall we preuent this dangerous match?

Clar. I haue a plot, a tricke, and this it is,
Vnder this colour, Ile breake off the match;
Ile tell the Knights that now my minde is changde
For marrying of my daughter; for I entend
To ſend her vnto Cheſton Nunry,

Mill. O me accurſt!

Clar. There to become a moſt relious Nunne.

Mill. Ile firſt be buried quicke.

Clar. To ſpend her beauty in moſt priuate praiers.

Mill. Ile ſooner be a ſinner, in forſaking
Mother and Father.

Clar. How doſt like my plot?

Dor. Exceeding well, but is it your intent
She ſhall continue there

Clar. Continue there, ha, ha, that were a ieſt;
You know, a Virgin may continue there
A twelue-month and a day, onely on triall,
There ſhall my Daughter ſoiourne ſome three moneths,
And in meane time Ile compaſſe a faire match
Twixt youthfull *Iernigham*, the luſty Heire
Of Sir *Ralph Iernigham*, dwelling in the forreſt;
I thinke they'le both come hither with *Mounchenſey*.

Dor. Your care argues the loue you beare your childe,
I will ſubſcribe to any thing youle haue me.

Mill. You will ſubſcribe to it, good, good, tis well,
Loue hath two chaires of ſtate, heauen and hell;
My deare *Mounchenſey*, thou my death ſhalt rue,

Ere to thy heart *Milliſcent* prooue vntrue. *Exit.*

Enter Blague.

Hoſt. Oſtlers you knaues and commanders, take the Horſes of the Knights and Competitors: your honorable Hulkes haue put into harborough, theile take in freſh-water here, and I haue prouided cleane chamber-pots. *Via, they come.*

Enter Sir Richard Mounchenſey, Sir Ralph Ierningham, young Franke Ierningham, Raymond Mounchenſey, Peter Fabell, and Bilbo.

Hoſt. The Deſtinies be moſt neate Chamberlaines to theſe ſwaggering Puritanes, Knights of the ſubſidie.

Sir Moun. God a mercy good mine Hoſt.

Sir Iern. Thankes good hoſt *Blague.*

Hoſt. Roome for my caſe of Piſtolles, that haue Greeke and Lataine bullets in them: let me cling to your flanckes my nimble Giberlaters, and blow winde in your calues to make the ſwell bigger. Ha: ile caper in mine owne Fee-ſimple, away with puntillios, and Orthography, I ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Bilbo. Titere tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

Truly mine Hoſt, *Bilbo*, though he be ſomewhat out of faſhion, will be your onely blade ſtill, I haue a villanous ſharpe ſtomacke to ſlice a breake-faſt.

Hoſt. Thou ſhalt haue it without any more diſcontinuance, releaſes, or attornament; what? we know our termes of hunting, and the Sea-Carde.

Bil. And doe you ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke ſtill?

Hoſt. Still, & ſtill, & ſtill, my ſouldier of S. *Quintins*, come, follow me, I haue Charles-waine belowe in a butte of Sacke, I will gliſter like your Crab-fiſh.

Bilb. You haue fine Scholler-like tearmes, your Coopers Di tionary is your onely booke to ſtudie in a Cellar, a man ſhall finde very ſtrange wordes in it, come my Hoſt, lets ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Hoſt. And ſtill, and ſtill, and ſtill my Boy, ile ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Ier.

Ier. Good Sir *Arthur Clare*.
Clar. What Gentleman is that? I know him not.
Moun. Tis M. *Fabell* sir, a Cambridge Scholler,
My sonnes deere friend.
Clar. Sir, I intreat you know me.
Fab. Command me sir, I am affected to you
For your *Mounchensey*es sake.
Clar. Alas for him,
I not respect whether he sinke or swime:
A word in priuate sir *Ralph Iernigham*.
Ray. Me thinkes your Father lookes strangely on me;
Say Loue, why are you sad?
Mill. I am not Sweete;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doe meete.
Clar. Shall's in to breakefast, after wee'l conclude
The cause of this our comming, in and feede,
And let that vsher a more serious deed.
Mill. Whilst you desire his griefe, my heart shall bleede.
Young Ier. Raymond Mounchensey, come be frolicke friend,
This is the day thou hast expected long.
Ray. Pray God deere *Harry Clare* it prooue so happy.
Ier. Ther's nought can alter it, be merry Lad.
Fab. Ther's nought shall alter it, be liuely *Raymond*,
Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope. *Exeunt.*

Peter Fabell, solus.

Fab. Good old *Mounchensey*, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty, and thy royall parts,
Thy kinde alliance should be held in scorne,
And after all these promises by *Clare*,
Refuse to giue his Daughter to thy Sonne,
Onely because thy Reuenues can not reach,
To make her dowage of so rich a ioynture,
As can the Heire of wealthy *Iernigham*?
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand,
To strike a match betwixt her and th'other,
And the old gray-beards now are close together,

Plotting it in the garden. Is't euen so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, haue thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,
The Metaphisickes, Magicke, and those parts,
Of the most secret deepe Philosophie?
Haue I so many melancholly nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower?
And come we backe vnto our natiue home,
For want of skill to loose the wench thou lou'st?
Weele first hang *Enuill* in such rings of mist
As neuer rose from any dampish fenne;
Ile make the brinde sea to rise at *Ware*,
And drowne the marshes vnto *Stratford*-bridge;
Ile driue the Deere from *Waltham* in their walkes,
And scatter them like sheepe in euery field:
We may perhaps be crost, but if we be,
He shall crosse the Deuill that but crosses me.

Enter Reymond and young Iermingham.

But heere comes *Reymond*, disconsolant and sad,
And heere comes the Gallant must haue the wench.

Ier. I pre'thee *Reymond* leaue these solemne dumpes,
Reuiue thy spirits, thou that before hast beene
More watchfull then the day-proclayming Cocke,
As sportiue as a Kid, as francke and merry
As mirth her selfe.
If ought in me may thy content procure,
It is thine owne thou maist thy selfe assure.

Ray. Ha *Iermingham*, if any but thy selfe
Had spoke that word, it would haue come as cold
As the bleake Northerne winds, vpon the face
Of winter.
From thee they haue some power of my blood,
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound,
Come from the lips of any liuing man,
It might haue won the credite of mine eare,
From thee it cannot.

Ier. If I vnderstand thee, I am a villaine,

What,

What, doſt thou ſpeake in parables to thy friends?

Clar. Come Boy, and make me this ſame growning Loue,
Troubled with ſtitches, and the cough o'th lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a childe,
And euer ſince hath ſhot at hudman-blinde,
Make her leape, caper, ierke, and laugh, and ſing,
And play me horſe-trickes,
Make *Cupid* wanton as his Mothers Doue,
But, in this ſort boy I would haue thee loue.

Fab. Why how now mad-cap? what my luſty *Franke*,
So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger:
Art thou turnd miſer raſcall in thy loues?

Ier. Who I? z'blood, what ſhould all you ſee in me,
That I ſhould looke like a married man? ha,
Am I balde? are my leggs too little for my hoſe?
If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am a villaine,
Doe I weare a night cap? doe I bend in the hams? (ha?
What doſt thou ſee in me that I ſhould be towards marriage?

Clar. What, thou married? let me looke vpon thee,
Rogue, who has giuen this out of thee?
How camſt thou into this ill name? what company
Haſt thou bin in Raſcall?

Fab. You are the man ſir, muſt haue *Milleſcent*,
The match is making in the garden now,
Her jonture is a greed on, and th'old men
Your fathers, meane to lanch their buſie baggs;
But in meane time to thruſt *Mounchenſey* off;
For colour of this new intended match,
Faire *Milleſcent* to *Cheſton* muſt be ſent,
To take the approbation for a Nun.
Nere looke vpon me lad, the match is done.

Ier. *Raymond Mounchenſey*, now I touch thy griefe,
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for faire and beauteous *Milleſcent*,
With my vaine breath I will not ſeeke to ſlubber;
Her angell like perfections, but thou knowſt,

That

That *Essex* hath the Saint that I adore,
Where ere did'st meete me, but we two were louiall,
But like a wag, thou hast not laught at me,
And with regardles iesting mockt my loue?
Now many a sad and weary summer night,
My sighes haue drunke the dew from off the earth,
And I haue taught the Nightingale to wake,
And from the meadowes sprung the earely Larke,
An hower before she should haue list to sing;
I haue loaded the poore minutes with my moanes,
That I haue made the heauy slow pasde houres,
To hang like heauy clogs vpon the day.
But deere *Meunchensey*, had not my affection
Seazde on the beauty of another Dame,
Before I would wrong the chase, and leaue the loue,
Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in loue become a counterfeite.

Moun. Deere *Iernyngham*, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of Hell, where now I sate,
I feele my spirit rebound against the stars:
Thou hast conquer'd me deere friend in my free soule,
There time or death can by their power controule.

Fab. Franke Iernyngham, thou art a gallant boy,
And were he not my Pupiil, I would say,
He were as fine a metled Gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,
As is in England, and he is a man,
That very richly may deserue thy loue.
But noble *Clare*, this while of our discourse,
What may *Mounchensey's* honour to thy selfe,
Exact vpon the measure of thy grace?

Cla. Raymond Mounchensey, I would haue thee know,
He does not breath this ayre,
Whose loue I cherish and whose soule I loue,
More then *Mounchensey's*:
Nor euer in my life did see the man,
Whom for his wit and many vertuous parts,

I thinke more worth of my Sisters loue.
But since the matter growes vnto this passe,
I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will:
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My Horse is sadled, and the stable doore
Stands ready for thee, vse them at thy pleasure;
In honest marriage wed her frankly boy,
And if thou getst her lad, God giue thee ioy.
Mount. Then care away, let Fate my fall pretend,
Backt with the fauours of so true a friend.
Fab. Let vs alone to bussell for the set,
For Age and Craft, with Wit and Art hath met.
Ile make my Spirits to daunce such nightly Iigges,
Along the way twixt this and *Totnam* Crosse;
The Carriers Iades shall cast their heauy packes,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keepe them in:
The Milke-maides Cutts shall turne the wenches off,
And lay their Dossers tumbling in the dust:
The franke and merry London Prentises,
That come for Cream, and lusty countrey Cheere,
Shall loose their way, and scrambling in the ditches,
All night, shall whoope and hollow, cry, and call,
And none to other finde the way at all.
Mount. Pursue the proiect Scholler, what we can doe,
To helpe indeauour, ioyne our liues thereto. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bankes, Sir Iohn, and Smug.

Banks. Take me with you good Sir *Iohn*; a plague on thee *Smug*, and thou toucheſt liquor thou art founderd streight: What? are your braines alwaies water-milles? must they euer runne round?

Smug. *Bankes*, your Ale is as a *Philistine* Foxe; nounes theres fire i't taile on't; you are a rogue to charge vs with Mugs i'th rereward: a plague of this winde, O it tickles our *Catastrophe*.

Sir Ioh. Neighbour *Bankes* of *Waltham*, & goodman *Smug* the honest Smith of *Edmonton*, as I dwell betwixt you both at *Enfield*, I know the taste of both your Ale-houses, they are good both, smart both; hem, grasse and hey, we are all mortall, let's liue

liue till we die. and be merry, and ther's an end.

Banks. Well sayd sir *Iohn*, you are of the same humor still, and doth the water run the same way still boy?

Smug. *Vulcan* was a rogue to him: Sir *Iohn*, locke, locke, locke fast sir *Iohn*: So sir Iohn, Ile one of these yeares, when it shall please the Goddesses, and the Destenies, be drunke in your company; thats all now, and God send vs health; shall I sweare I loue you?

Sir Iohn. No oathes, no oathes, good neighbour *Smug*, Weele wet our lippes together, and hugge,
Carouse in priuate, and eleuate the heart,
And the Liuer, and the Lights,
Marke you me, within vs, for hem;
Grasse and hey, we are all mortall, lets liue till we die, and be merry, and thers an end.

Banks. But to our former motion, about stealing some Venison, whether goe we?

Sir Ioh. Into the Forrest neighbour *Banks*, into *Brians* walke, the mad Keeper.

Smug. Blood, Ile tickle your Keeper.

Banks. Yfaith thou art alwaies drunke, when we haue neede of thee.

Smug. Need of me? hart; you shall haue need of me alwaies, while thers yron in an Anuill.

Banks. M. Parson, may the Smith goe (thinke you) being in this taking?

Smug. Goe, Ile goe in spight of all the Belles in *Waltham*.

Sir Iohn. The question is, good Neighbour *Bankes*; let me see, the Moone shines to night; ther's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the Forrest, his braine may be setled ere night, he may goe, he may goe neighbour *Banks*: Now we want none but the company of mine Host *Blague* of the George at *Waltham*, if he were heere, our Consort were full: Looke where comes my good Host, the Duke of Norfolkes man: and how? and how? a hem, grasse and hey, we are not yet mortall, lets liue till we die, and be merry, and thers an end. *Enter Host.*

Host. Ha, my Castilian Dialogues, and art thou in breath still boy? Miller, doth the match hould? Smith I see by thy eyes thou hast

haſt bin reading a little *Geneua* print: But wend we merrily to the forreſt, to ſteale ſome of the Kings deere. Ile meet you at the time appointed: away, I haue Knights & Colonels at my houſe, and muſt tend the Hungarions. If we be ſcar'd in the Forreſt, weele meet in the Church-porch at *Enfield*; iſt correſpondent?

Banks. Tis well: But how if any of vs ſhould be taken?

Smug. He ſhall haue ranſome by my ſword.

Hoſt. Tuſh, the knaues Keepers are my bonaſoſis, and my pentioners, nine a clocke, be valiant, my little *Gogmagogs*; Ile fence with all the Iuſtices in *Hartford-ſhire*; Ile haue a Buck till I die, Ile ſlay a Doe while I liue, hold your bowe ſtreight and ſteady; I ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Smug. O rare who ho, ho, boy.

Sir Iohn. Peace neighbour Smug, you ſee this Boore, a Boore of the Countrey, an illiterate Boore, & yet the Citizen of good-fellowes, come, lets prouide a Hen: graſſe and hey, we are not yet all mortall, weele liue till we die, and be merry, and thers an end, come Smug.

Smug. Good night *Walt ham*, who, ho, ho, boy. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakefaſt againe.

Old Moun. Nor I for thee *Clare*,, not of this,
What? haſt thou fed me all this while with ſhales?
And com'ſt to tell me now thou lik'ſt it not?

Clare. I doe not hold thy offer competent:
Nor doe I like th'aſſurance of thy Land,
The title is ſo brangled with thy debts.

Old Mon. Too good for thee, and Knight thou knowſt it well, I fawnd not on thee, for thy goods, not I,
Twas thine owne motion, that thy wife doth know.

Lady. Husband it was ſo, he lies not in that.

Clar. Hold thy chat queane.

Old Moun. To which I hearkned, willingly, and the rather,
Becauſe I was perſwaded it proceeded
From loue thou bor'ſt to me, and to my Boy,
And gau'ſt him free acceſſe vnto thy houſe,
Where he hath not behau'd him to thy Childe,
But as befits a Gentleman to doe:
Nor is my poore diſtreſſed ſtate ſo low,

That Ile shut vp my doores I warrant thee.
Cla. Let it suffice *Mounchensey*, I mislike it,
Nor thinke thy Sonne a match fit for my Childe.
Moun. I tell thee *Clare*, his blood is good and cleere,
As the best drop that panteth in thy veines:
But for this Maide, thy faire and vertuous childe,
She is more disparg'd by thy basenesse,
Then the most orient, and the pretious iewell,
Which still retaines his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slaue were owner of the same.
Cla. She is the last is left me to bestow,
And her I meane to dedicate to God.
Moun. You doe sir.
Clar. Sir, sir, I doe, she is mine owne.
Moun. And pitty she is so:
Damnation dog thee, and thy wretched pelfe. *aside.*
Cla. Not thou *Mounchensey*, shalt bestow my Childe
Moun. Neither shouldst thou bestow her where thou meanest.
Cla. What wilt thou doe?
Moun. No matter let that be,
I will doe that perhaps shall anger thee;
Thou hast wrongd my loue, and by a blessed Angell,
Thou shalt well know it.
Cla. Tut, braue not me.
Moun. Braue thee base Churle, wer't not for man-hood sake;
I say no more, but that there be some by,
Whose blood is hotter then ours is,
Which being stird, might make vs both repent
This foolish meeting: But *Ralph Clare*,
Although thy Father hath abusd my friendship,
Yet I loue thee, I doe my noble boy.
I doe yfaith.
Lady. I, doe, doe, fill all the world with talke of vs man, man,
I neuer lookt for better at your hands.
Fab. I hop'd your great experience and your yeares,
Would haue proou'd patience rather to your soule,
Then with this frantique and vntamed passion. To

To whet their Skeenes, and but for that
I hope their friendships are too well confirmd,
And their minds temperd with more kindly heate,
Then for their forward Parents frowardnesse,
That they should breake forth into publique braules,
How ere the rough hand of th'untoward world,
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was loue:
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warme,
Let it die gently, ne're kill it with a scorne.

Ray. O thou base world, how leprous is that Soule
That is once limb'd in that polluted mudde:
Oh Sir *Arthur*, you haue startled his free actiue spirits,
With a too sharpe spur for his minde to beare:
Haue patience sir, the remedy to woe,
Is to leaue that of force we must forgoe.

Mill. And I must take a twelue months approbation,
That in meane time this sole and priuate life,
At the yeares end may fashion me a wife:
But sweete *Mounchensey* ere this yeare be done,
Thou'st be a Frier if that I be a Nun:
And Father, ere young *Iernynghams* lle be,
I will turne mad, to spight both him and thee.

Clar. Wife, come to Horse, and huswife make you ready,
For if I liue, I sweare by this good light,
lle see you lodg'd in *Chesson*-house to night. *Exeunt.*

Moun. *Raymond* away, thou seest how matters fall,
Churle, hell consume thee, and thy pelfe and all.

Fab. Now M. *Clare*, you see how matters fadge,
Your *Millescent* must needes be made a Nun:
Well sir, we are the men must ply the match,
Hold you your peace, and be a looker on,
And send her vnto *Chesson*, where he will,
lle send me fellowes of a handfull hie,
Into the Cloisters where the Nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like Does about the dale,
And make the Lady Prioresse of the house,

To play at leape-frogge naked in their ſmocks,
Vntill the merry wenches at their maſſe,
Cry teehee, weehee,
And tickling theſe mad laſſes in their ſlanckes,
Shall ſpraule and ſqueake, and pinch their fellow Nunnes.
Be liuely boyes, before the wench we loſe,
Ile make the Abbas weare the Cannons hoſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Harry Clare, Franke, Iernyngham, Peter Fabell, and Milleſcent.

Ha *Cla.* Spight now hath done her worſt, ſiſter be patient.
Ier. Forewarnd poore *Reymonds* company O heauen,
When the compoſure of weake frailty meet,
Vpon this mart of durt; O then weake loue,
Muſt in her owne vnhappineſſe be ſilent,
And wincke on all deformities.
Mill. Tis well;
whers *Reymond* brother? wheres my deare *Mounchenſey*?
Would we might weepe together and then part,
Our ſighing parley would much eaſe my heart.
Fab. Sweete beauty fold your ſorrowes in the thought,
Of future reconcilement, let your teares
Shew you a woman; but be no further ſpent
Then from the eyes; for (ſweete) experience ſaies,
That loue is firme thats flattered with delaies.
Mill. Alas ſir, thinke you I ſhall ere be his?
Fab. As ſure as parting ſmiles on future bliſſe,
Yond comes my friend, ſee he hath doted
So long vpon your beauty, that your want
Will with a pale retirement waſte his blood,
For in true loue Muſicke doth ſweetly dwell,
Seuerd, theſe leſſe worlds beare within them hell.

Enter Mounchenſey.

Moun. *Harry* and *Franke*, you are enioynd to waine your friendſhip from me, we muſt part the breath of all aduiſed corruption, pardon me.

Faith

Faith I muſt ſay ſo, you may thinke I loue you;
I breath not, rougher ſpight doe ſeuer vs,
Weele meete by ſtealth, ſweet friend by ſtealth you twaine,
Kiſſes are ſweeteſt got by ſtrogling paine.

Ier. Our friendſhip dies not *Reymond.*

Moun. pardon me:
I am buſied, I haue loſt my faculties,
And buried them in *Milliſcents* cleere eyes.

Mill. Alas ſweet Loue what ſhall become of me?
I muſt to Cheſſon to the Nunnerie,
I ſhall neere ſee thee more.

Moun. How ſweete,
Ile be thy votary, weele often meete,
This kiſſe diuides vs, and breaths ſoft adiew,
This be a double charme to keepe both true.

Fab. Haue done, your fathers may chance ſpie your parting,
Refuſe you not by any meanes good ſweetneſſe?
To goe vnto the Nunnery, for from hence,
Muſt we beget your loues ſweet happines,
You ſhall not ſtay there long, your harder bed,
Shall be more ſoft when Nun and maide are dead.

Enter Bilbo.

Moun. Now ſirra what's the matter?

Bil. Marry you muſt to horſe preſently, that villanous old gowty churle, ſir *Richar. Clare* longs till he be at the Nunrie.

Ha Cla. How ſir?
O I cry you mercy, he is your father ſir indeed; but I am ſure that thers leſſe affinity betwixt your two natures, then there is betweene a broker and a cutpurſe.

Moun. Bring my gelding ſirra.

Bil. Well nothing greeues me, but for the poore wench, ſhe muſt now cry *vale* to Lobſter pies, hartichokes and all ſuch meates of mortality; poore gentlewoman, the ſigne muſt not be in virgo any longer with her, and that me grieues, farewell.
Poore *Milliſcent*,
Muſt pray and repent.

O fatall wonder!
Sheele now be no fatter,
Loue must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept vnder. *Exit.*
Ier. Farewell deere *Raymond.*
Ha. Cla. Friend adew.
Mill. Deere sweete,
Now ioy enioyes my heart till we next meete. *Exeunt.*
Fab. Well *Raymond*, now the tide of discontent
Beates in thy face, but er't be long, the winde
Shall turne the flood, we must to *Waltham*-Abbey,
And as faire *Millisent* in *Chesson* liues
A most vnwilling Nun, so thou shalt there
Become a beardlesse Nouice, to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare:
Tast thou my sleights, thy loue lle onely share.
Moun. Turne Friar? come my good Counseller lets goe,
Yet that disguise will hardly shroude my woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Prioresse of Chesson, with a Nun or two, Sir Arthur Clare, Sir Ralph Iermingham, Henry and Franke, the Lady, and Bilbo, with Millescent.

La. Cla, Madam,
The loue vnto this holy Sisterhood,
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale,
Hath truely won vs to bestow our Childe,
Rather on this then any neighbouring Cell.
Prio. Iesus Daughter, *Maries* Childe,
Holy Matron, Woman milde,
For thee a Masse shall still be saide,
Euery Sister drop a Beade,
And those againe succeeding them
For you shall sing a *Requiem.*
Fran. The wench is gone *Harry*, she is no more a woman of this world, marke her well, she lookes like a Nun already, what think'st on her?
Har. By my faith her face comes handsomely to't,

But

But peace, lets heare the reſt.

Sir Ar. Madam for a twelue-months approbation,
we meane to make the triall of our Childe.
Your care, and our deere bleſſing in meane time
We pray, may proſper this intended worke.

Pri. May your Soule be blith,
That ſo truely pay your Tithe:
He that many Children gaue,
Tis fit that he one childe ſhould haue.
Then faire Virgin heare my ſpell,
For I muſt your duty tell.

Mill. Good men and true, ſtand together,
and heare your charge.

Pri. Firſt, a mornings take your Booke,
The Glaſſe wherein your ſelfe muſt looke,
Your young thoughts, ſo proud and iolly,
Muſt be turn'd to motions holie;
For your Buske, Attyres, and Toyes,
Haue your thoughts on heauenly ioyes;
And for all your follies paſt,
You muſt doe penance, pray, and faſt.

Bil. Let her take heed of faſting, and if euer ſhe
hurt her ſelfe with praying, Ile nere truſt beaſt.

Mill. This goes hard berlady.

Pri. You ſhall ring the Sacring bell,
Keepe your howers, and tell your Knell,
Riſe at midnight to your Mattins,
Read your Pſalter, ſing your Latins,
And when your blood ſhall kindle pleaſure,
Scourge your ſelfe in plenteous meaſure.

Mill. Worſe and worſe by Saint *Mary*.

Fra. Sirra, *Hal*, how does ſhe hold her countenance? well,
goe thy waies, if euer thou prooue a Nun, Ile build an Abbey.

Har. She may be a Nun, but if euer ſhe prooue an Anchoreſſe, Ile digge her graue with my nailes.

Fra. To her againe Mother.

Har. Hold thine owne Wench.

Prio You muſt read the morning Maſſe,
You muſt creepe vnto the Croſſe,
Put cold Aſhes on your head,
Haue a haire-cloth for your bed.
Bil. She had rather haue a man in her bed.
Prio. Binde your beades, and tell your needes,
Your holy Auies, and your Creedes,
Holy-maide, this muſt be done,
If you meane to liue a Nunne.
Mill. The Holie-maide will be no Nunne.
Sir Ar. Madame, we haue ſome buſineſſe of import,
And muſt be gone.
Wilt pleaſe you take my wife into your cloſet,
Who further will acquaint you with my minde,
And ſo good Madame for this time adieu. *Exeunt women.*
Sir Ra. Well now *Franke Clare*, how ſaiſt thou?
To be briefe,
What wilt thou ſay for all this, if we two,
Thy Father and my ſelfe, can bring about,
That we conuert this Nun to be a wife,
And thou the Husband to this pretty Nun;
How then my Lad? ha, *Franke*, it may be done.
Har. I, now it workes.
Fra. O God ſir! you amaze me at your wordes;
Thinke with your ſelfe ſir, what a thing it were,
To cauſe a Recluſe to remooue her vow,
A maymed, contrite, and repentant ſoule,
Euer mortified with faſting, and with praier,
Whoſe thoughts euen as her eyes are fix'd on heauen;
To draw a Virgin thus deuout with Zeale,
Backe to the world, O impious deede;
Nor by the Canon Law can it be done,
Without a diſpenſation from the Church:
Beſides, ſhe is ſo prone vnto this life,
As ſhee'le euen ſhreeke to heare a husband nam'd.
Bil. I, a poore innocent ſhee: well heers no knauerie,
He flowtes the old Fooles to their teeth.

Sir Ra.

Sir Ra. Boy, I hm glad to heare
Thou mak'ſt ſuch ſcruple of that Conſcience,
And in a man ſo young as is your ſelfe,
I promiſe you tis verie ſeldome ſeene.
But *Franke*, this is a tricke, a meere deuiſe,
A ſleight plotted betwixt her Father and my ſelfe;
To thruſt *Mounchenſeyes* noſe beſide the cuſhion,
That being thus debard of all acceſſe,
Time yet may worke him from her thoughts,
And giue thee ample ſcope to thy deſires.
Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of Iewes.
Har. How now *Franke*, what ſay you to that?
Fra. Let me alone, I warrant thee:
Sir, aſſur'd that this motion doth proceede,
From your moſt kind and fatherly affection,
I doe diſpoſe my liking to your pleaſure,
But for it is a matter of ſuch moment
As holy marriage, I muſt craue thus much,
To haue ſome conference with my Ghoſtly Father,
Friar *Hilderſham*, heere by, at *Waltham*-Abbey.
To be abſolu'd of things, that it is fit
None onely, but my confeſſor ſhould know.
Sir Ar. With all my heart, hee's a reuerend man, and to morrow morning we will meete all at the Abbey, whereby the th'opinion of that Reuerend man,
We will proceed. I like it paſſing well;
Till then we part, boy, I thinke of it, farewell.
A parents care no mortall tongue can tell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Reymond, Mounchenſey like a Friar.

Sir Ar. Holy young Nouice, I haue told you now
My full intent. and doe referre the reſt
To your profeſſed ſecrecie and care:
And ſee,
Our ſerious ſpeech hath ſtollen vpon the way,
That we are come vnto the Abbey-gate.

Becauſe I know *Mounchenſey* is a Foxe,
That craftily doth ouer looke my dooings,
Ile not be ſeene, not I; Tuſh, I haue done,
I had a daughter but ſhee's now a Nun;
Farewell deare Sonne, farewell. *Exit.*

Moun. Fare you well, I, you haue done;
Your Daughter ſir, ſhall not be long a Nunne.
O my rare Tutor, neuer mortall braine,
Plotted out ſuch a plot of policie:
And my deere boſome is ſo great with laughter,
Begot by his ſimplicity and error:
My ſoule is fal'n in labour with her ioy:
O my friends! *Franke Iernyngham*, and *Clare*,
Did you but know but how this ieſt takes fire,
That good ſir *Arthur*, thinking me a Nouice,
Hath euen pour'd himſelfe into my boſome;
O you would vent your ſpleenes with tickling mirth.
But *Reymond* peace, and haue an eye about,
For feare perhaps ſome of the Nunnes looke out.
Peace and Charity within,
Neuer toucht with deadly ſinne;
I caſt Holy-water poore,
On this wall, and on this doore,
That from euill ſhall defend,
And keepe you from the vgly Fiend,
Euill ſpright by night nor day,
Shall approach or come this way;
Elſe nor Fayrie, by this grace,
Day nor night ſhall haunt this place. *Holy Maydens knock.*

Anſwer within. Who's that which knocks? ha. who's there?

Moun. Gentle Nun, heere is a Friar. *Enter Nunne.*

Nun. A Friar without, now Chriſt vs ſaue:
Holy man, what wouldſt thou haue?

Moun. Holie Maide, I hither come,
From Friar and Father *Hilderſome*,
By the fauour and the grace
Of the Prioreſſe of this place,

Amongſt

Amongst you all to visite one,
That's come for approbation,
Before she was as now you are,
The Daughter of sir *Arthur Clare*:
But since she now became a Nun,
Call'd *Millisent* of *Edmonton*.
Nun. Holy Man repose you there,
This newes Ile to our Abbas beare:
To tell what a man is sent,
And your message, and intent.
Moun. Benedicitie.
Nun. Benedicitie. *Exit.*
Moun. Doe my good plumpe wench; if all fall right,
Ile make your Sister-hood one lesse by night:
Now happie fortune speede this merry drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter Lady and Millisent.

Lady. Haue Friars recourse then to the house of Nunnes?
Mill. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any Virgin comes for approbation,
Least that for feare, or such sinister practise,
She should be forc'd to vndergoe this vaile,
Which should proceede from Conscience and Deuotion:
A Visitor is sent from *Waltham* House,
To take the true confession of the Maide.
Lady. Is that the order? I commend it well,
You to your shrift, Ile backe vnto the Cell. *Exit.*
Moun. Life of my soule, bright Angell.
Mill. What meanes the Friar?
Moun. O *Millisent*, tis I.
Mill. My heart misgiues me, I should know that voice,
You, who are you? The holy Virgin blesse me.
Tell me your Name, you shall ere you confesse me.
Moun. *Monnchensey* thy true friend.
Mill, My *Reymond*, my deere heart,
Sweete life giue leaue to my distracted soule;

To wake a little from this ſwoon of ioy,
By what meanes cam'ſt thou to aſſume this ſhape?
Moun. By meanes of *Peter Fabell*, my kinde tutor,
Who in the habite of Friar *Hilderſham*,
Franke Ierninghams old friend and confeſſor,
Plotted by *Franke*, by *Fabell*, and my ſelfe,
And ſo deliuered to ſir *Arthur Clare*,
Who brought me heere vnto the Abbey-gate,
To be his Nun-maide Daughters Viſitor.
Mill. You are all ſweet traitors to my poore old Father;
O my deare life, I was a dream'd to night,
That as I was praying in my Pſalter,
There came a Spirit vnto me as I kneeld,
And by his ſtrong perſwaſions tempted me
To leaue this Nunrie; and me thought
He came in the moſt glorious Angell ſhape,
That mortall eye did euer looke vpon.
Ha, thou art ſure that Spirit, for theres no forme,
Is in mine eie ſo glorious as thine owne.
Moun. O thou Idolatreſſe that doſt this worſhip,
To him whoſe likeneſſe is but praiſe of thee,
Thou bright vnſetting ſtar, which through this vaile,
For very enuy makeſt the Sun looke pale.
Mill. Well Viſitor, leaſt that perhaps my Mother
Should thinke the Friar too ſtrickt in his decrees,
I this confeſſe to my ſweet Ghoſtly Father,
If chaſte pure loue be ſin, I muſt confeſſe,
I haue offended three yeares now with thee.
Moun. But doe you yet repent you of the ſame?
Mill. Yfaith I cannot.
Moun. Nor will I abſolue thee,
Of that ſweet ſin, though it be Veniall,
Yet haue the penance of a thouſand kiſſes.
And I enioyne you to this Pilgrimage,
That in the euening you beſtow your ſelfe
Heere in the walke neere to the willow-ground,
Where Ile be ready both with Men and Horſe.

To

To waite your comming, and conuey you hence,
Vnto a lodge I haue in Enfield Chaſe:
No more replie if that you yeeld conſent,
I ſee more eies vpon our ſtay are bent.
Mill. Sweet life farewell, tis done; let that ſuffice,
What my tongue failes, I ſend thee by mine eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Fabell, Clare, and Iermingham.

Ier. Now Viſitor, how does this new made Nun?
Cla. Come, come, how does the noble Capouchin?
Moun. She may be poore in ſpirit, but for the fleſh tis fat and plumpe boyes:
Ah Rogues, there is a company of Girles would turne you all Friars.
Fab. But how *Mounchenſey?* How Lad for the wench?
Moun Zounds Lads, yfaith I thanke my holy habite
I haue confeſt her, and the Lady Prioreſſe hath giuen me Ghoſtly Counſell, with her bleſſing.
And how ſay ye boyes,
If I be choſe the weekely viſitor?
Cla. Blood, ſhee'le haue nere a Nun vnbagd to ſing Maſſe then.
Ier. The Abbot of *Waltham* will haue as many Children, to put to Nurſe, as he has Calues in the Marſh.
Moun. Well to be briefe, the Nun will ſoone at night turne Lippit; if I can but deuiſe to quit her cleanely of the Nunrie, ſhe is mine owne,
Fab. But ſirra *Reymond*, what newes of *Peter Fabell* at the Houſe?
Moun. Tuſh, hee's the onely Man; a Negromancer, and a Coniurer, that workes for young *Mounchenſey* altogether; and if it be not for Friar *Benedicke*, that he can croſſe him by his learned skill, the wench is gone.
Fabell will fetch her out by very Magicke.
Fab. Stands the winde there Boy? keepe them in that key, The wench is ours before to morrow day:

Well

Well *Ralph* and *Franke*, as ye are Gentlemen', sticke to vs close this once; you know your Fathers haue Men and Horse lie readie still at *Chesson*, to watch the Coast be cleere, to scout about, and haue an eye vnto *Mounchensey*es walkes; therefore you two may houer thereabouts, and no man will suspect you for the matter: be ready but to take her at our hands, leaue vs to scamble for her getting out.

Ier. Blood, if all *Hartford-shire* were at our heeles, weele carry her away in spight of them.

Cla. But whether *Raymond*?

Mou. To *Brians* vpper Lodge in *Enfield*-Chase, he is mine honest friend, and a tall Keeper, Ile send my Man vnto him presently, to acquaint him with your comming, and intent.

Fab. Be briefe, and secret.

Moun. Soone at night, remember
You bring your Horses to the willow ground.

Ier. Tis done, no more.

Cla. We will not faile the hower.
My life and fortune now lies in your power.

Fab. About our busines, *Reymond* lets away,
Thinke of your hower, it drawes well off the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Blague, Bankes, Smug, and sir Iohn.

Bla. Come ye Hungarion Pilchers, we are once more come vnder the Zona Torrida of the Forrest, lets be resolute, lets flie too and againe; & the deuill come, weele put him to his Interrogatories, and not budge a foote, what? foote Ile put fire into you, yee shall all three serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Smug. Mine Host, my Bully, my pretious Consull, my noble Holefernes, I haue bin drunke in thy house, twenty times and ten, all's one for that, I was last night in the third Heauen, my braine was poore, it had yest in't; but now I am a man of action, is't not so Lad?

Bank. Why? now thou hast two of the Liberall Sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou maist serue the Duke of Europe.

Smug. I will serue the Duke of Christendome, and doe him more credit in his Cellar, then all the Plate in his Butterie, is't not so Lad?

Sir Iohn.

Sir Ioh. Mine Hoſt, and *Smug*, ſtand there *Banks*, you, and your horſe, keepe together, but lie cloſe; ſhew no trickes, for feare of the Keeper: If wee be ſcar'd, weele meete in the Church-porch at *Enfield*.

Smug. Content ſir *Iohn*.

Banks. *Smug*, doſt not thou remember the Tree thou felleſt out of laſt night?

Smug. Tuſh, and't had beene as high as an Abbey, I ſhould nere haue hurt my ſelfe, I haue fallen into the Riuer, comming home from Waltham, and ſcapte drowning.

Sir Iohn. Come, ſeuer, feare no ſpirits, weele haue a Bucke preſently, we haue watched later then this for a Doe, mine hoſt.

Hoſt. Thou ſpeakeſt as true as Veluet.

Sir Iohn. Why then come, graſſe and hey, &c. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clare, Iermingham, and Milleſcent.

Cla. *Franke Iermingham?*

Ier. Speake ſoftly Rogue, how now?

Cla. Sfoot, we ſhall loſe our way, its ſo darke, whereabouts are wee?

Ier. Why man, at *Poiters* Gate;
The way lies right: Harke, the clocke ſtrikes at *Enfield*, what's the houre?

Cla. Ten, the Bell ſaies.

Ier. A lies in's throate, it was but eight when we ſet out of *Cheſton*; Sir *Iohn* and his ſexton are at their Ale to night, the Clocke runnes at randome.

Cla. Nay, as ſure as thou liu'ſt the villanous Vicar is abroad in the Chaſe this darke night; the ſtone Prieſt ſteales more Veniſon then halfe the Countrey.

Ier. *Milleſcent*, how doſt thou?

Mill. Sir, very well,
I would to God we were at *Brians* lodge.

Cla. We ſhall anon, nounes harke,
What meanes this noiſe?

Ier. Stay, I heare Horſe-men.

Cla. I heare Foote-men too.

Ir. Nay then I haue it, we haue bene discouered;
And we are followed by our Fathers men.

Mil. Brother, and friend, alas what shall we doe?

Cla. Sister, speake softly, or we are descride,
They are hard vpon vs, what so ere they be,
Shadow your selfe behinde this brake of Ferne,
Weele get into the wood, and let them passe.

Enter sir Iohn, Blague, Smug, and Bankes, one after another.

Sir Iohn. Grasse and hey, we are all mortall, the Keeper's abroad, and theres an end.

Banks. Sir *Iohn.*

Sir Iohn. Neighbour *Bankes*, what newes?

Banks. Zounds sir *Iohn*, the Keepers are abroad; I was hard by'am.

Sir Iohn. Grasse and hey, whers mine Host *Blague*?

Bla. Here Metropolitane, the Philistines are vpon vs, be silent; Let vs serue the good Duke of Norfolke: But where is *Smug.*

Smug. Here, a poxe on ye all Dogges, I haue kild the greatest Bucke in *Brians* walke; shift for your selues, all the Keepers are vp, lets meete in *Enfield* Church-porch, away, we are all taken else. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brian, with his Man, and his Hound.

Bri. *Ralph*, hearst thou any stirring?

Ra. I heard one speake here hard by, in the bottome; peace Master; speake lowe, nownes, if I did not heare a Bow goe off, and the Bucke bray, I neuer heard Deere in my life.

Bri. When went your fellowes into their walkes?

Ra. An hower agoe.

Cri. Life, is there stealers abroad, and wee cannot heare of them? where the Deuill are my Men to night? sirra, goe vp the winde toward *Buckleys* Lodge:
Ile cast about the bottome with my Hound, and I will meete thee vnder Cony Oake.

Ra. I will sir. *Exit.*

Bri.

Bri How now? by the Maſſe my Hound ſtayes vpon ſomething; harke, harke, *Bowman*, harke, harke, there.

Mill. Brother; *Frauke Iernyngham*, Brother *Clare*.

Bri. Peace thats a womans voice, ſtand, who's there? ſtand, or Ile ſhoote.

Mill. O Lord, hold your hands I meane no harme ſir.

Bri. Speake, who are you?

Mill. I am a Maide ſir: who? Maiſter *Brian*?

Bri. The very ſame: ſure I ſhould know her voice; Miſtris *Milleſcent*.

Mill. I, it is I ſir.

Bri. God for his paſſion, what make you here alone? I look'd for you at my Lodge an hower agoe, what meanes you Company to leaue you thus? who brought you hither?

Mill. My brother ſir, and Maiſter *Iernyngham*, who hearing Folkes about vs in the Chaſe, feard it had bene Sir *Arthur*, and my Father, (who had perſude vs) thus diſperſed our ſelues, till they were paſt vs.

Bri. But where be they?

Mill. They be not farre off, heere about the Groue.

Enter Clare, and Iernyngham.

Cla. Be not afraid man, I heard *Brians* tongue, thats certaine.

Ier. Call ſoftly for your Siſter.

Cla. *Milleſcut*.

Mill. I Brother, here.

Bri. Maſter *Clare*.

Cla. I told you it was *Brian*.

Bri. Whoes that, Maiſter *Iernyngham*? you are a couple of hot-ſhots; does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to graſſe at this time of night?

Ier. We heard a noyſe about vs in the Chaſe,
And fearing that our Fathers had purſude vs,
Seuered our ſelues.

Cla. *Brian*, how hapned'ſt thou on her?

Bri. Seeking for ſtealers are abroad to night,
My hound ſtayed on her, and ſo found her out.

Cla. They were theſe ſtealers that affrighted vs,
I was hard vpon them, when they horſt their Deere,
And I perceiue they tooke me for a Keeper.

Bri. Which way tooke they?

Ier. Towards *Enfield.*

Bri. A plague vpon't, that's the damnd Prieſt, and *Blagne* of the George, he that ſerues the good Duke of Norfolke.

A Noyſe within, Follow, follow, follow.

Cla. Peace, thats my Fathers voice.

Bri. Nownes, you haue ſuſpected them, and now they are heere indeed.

Mill. Alas, what ſhall we doe?

Bri. If you goe to the Lodge, you are ſurely taken,
Strike downe the wood to *Enfield* preſently,
And if *Maunchenſey* come, Ile ſend him ty'ee:
Let me alone to buſſle with your Father,
I warrant you, that I will keepe them play,
'Till you haue quit the Chaſe, away, away.
Whoo's there? *Enter the Knights.*

Sir Ralph. In the Kings Name, purſue the Rauiſher.

Bri. Stand, or Ile ſhoote.

Sir Ar. Who's there?

Bri. I am the Keeper, that doe charge you ſtand,
You haue ſtollen my Deere.

Sir Ar. We ſtolne thy Deere, wee doe purſue a Thiefe.

Bri You are arrand Thieues, and ye haue ſtolne my Deere.

Sir Ra. We are Knights, Sir *Arthur Clare*, and ſir *Ralph Iernyngham.*

Bri. The more your ſhame, that Knights ſhould be ſuch Thieues.

Sir Ar. Who? or what art thou?

Bri. My name is *Brian*, Keeper of this walke.

Sir Ra. O *Brian*, a villaine,
Thou haſt receiued my Daughter to thy Lodge.

Bri. You haue ſtolne the beſt Deere in my walke to night.
my Deere.

Sir Ar. My Daughter.

Stop

Stop not my way.

Bri. What make you in my walke? you haue ſtolne the beſt Buck in my walke to night.

Sir Ar. My Daughter.

Bri. My Deere.

Sir Ra Where is *Mounchenſey?*

Bri. Wher's my Bucke?

Sir Ar. I will complaine me of thee to the King.

Bri. Ile complaine vnto the King you ſpoyle his Game: Tis ſtrange that Men of your account and calling, will offer it, I tell you true, ſir *Arthur*, and ſir *Ralph*, that none but you haue onely ſpoyld my Game.

Sir Ar. I charge you ſtop vs not.

Bri. I charge you both get out of my ground, Is this a time for ſuch as you, Men of Place, and of your Grauitie, to be abroad a theeuing? tis a ſhame, and a fore God if I had ſhot at you, I had ſerued you well enough. *Exeunt.*

Enter Banks the Miller wet on his Legges.

Ban. Foote, heers a darke night indeed, I thinke I haue bin in fifteen ditches betweene this and the Forreſt: ſoft, heers *Enfielde* Church: I am ſo wet with climing ouer into an Orchard, for to ſteale ſome Filberts: well, heere Ile ſit in the Church-porch, and waite for the reſt of my Conſorts.

Enter Sexton.

Sex. Heers a skie as blacke as Lucifer, God bleſſe vs, heere was goodman *Theophilus* buried, he was the beſt Nut-cracker that euer dwelt in *Enfield*: well, tis nine a clocke, tis time to ring Curfew. Lord bleſſe vs? what a white thing is that in the Church-porch. O Lord, my Legges are too weake for my Body, my Haire is too ſtiffe for my Night-cap, my heart failes; this is the Ghoſt of *Theophilus*, O Lord it followes me, I cannot ſay my praiers and one would giue me a Thouſand pounds good Spirit, I haue Bowld, and Drunke, and followed the Hounds with you a thouſand times, though I haue not the ſpirit now to deale with you; O Lord.

Enter Priest.

Pri. Grasse and hey, we are all mortall, who's there?

Sex We are grasse and hey indeed; I know you to be Master Parson by your Phrase.

Pri. Sexton.

Sex. I sir.

Pri. For mortalities sake, whats the matter?

Sex. O Lord, I am a man of an other element; Master *Theophilus* Ghost is in the Church porch, there was a hundred cats all fire, dauncing euen now; and they are clombe vp to the top of the steeple, Ile not into the Belfree for a world.

Pri. O goodman *Saloman*; I haue bene about a deede of darkenesse to night: O Lord I saw fifteene spirits in the Forrest, like white Bulles, if I lie I am an arrant Theefe: Mortality haunts vs, grasse and hey the Deuills at our heeles, and lets hence to the Parsonage. *Exeunt.*

The Miller comes out very softly.

Mill. What noise was that? tis the watch, sure that villanous vnluckie Rogue *Smug* is tane vpon my life, and then all our knauerie comes out, I heard one cry sure.

Enter Host Blague.

Host. If I goe steale any more Venison, I am a Paradox, foot I can scarce beare the sinne of my Flesh in the day, tis so heanie, if I turne not honest, and serue the good Duke of Norfolke, as a true Mareterraneum Skinner should doe, let me neuer looke higher then the element of a Constable.

Mill. By the masse there are some watchmen; I heare them name Master Constable, I would my Mill were at Eunuch and wanted her stones so I were hence.

Host. Who's there?

Mill. Tis the Constable by this light, ile steale hence, and if I can meete mine Host *Blague*, ile tell him how *Smug* is tane, & will him to looke to himselfe. *Exit.*

Host.

Hoſt. What the Deuill is that white thing? this ſame is a Church-yeard, and I haue heard that Ghoſts, and villanous Goblins haue beene ſeene heere.

Enter Sexton, and Prieſt.

Pr. Graſſe and hey, O that I could conſure, we ſaw a Spirit here in the Church-yeard; and in the fallow field thers the Deuill, with a Mans body vpon his backe in a white ſheete.

Sex. It may be a womans Body *ſir Iohn.*

Pri. If ſhe be a woman, the ſheetes damne her:
Bleſſe vs, what a night of mortalitie is this?

Hoſt. Prieſt.

Pri. Mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. Did you not ſee a Spirit all in white, croſſe you at the ſtile?

Sex. O no mine Hoſt, but there ſate one in the Porch, I haue not breath enough left to bleſſe me from the Deuill.

Hoſt. Whoes that?

Pri. The Sexton, almoſt frighted out of his witts:
Did you ſee *Bankes*, or *Smug*.

Hoſt. No, they are gone to *Waltham* ſure, I would faine hence come, lets to my houſe, Ile nere ſerue the Duke of Norfolke in this faſhion againe whilſt I breath. If the Deuill be amongſt vs, tis time to hoiſt ſaile, and cry Roomer: Keepe together ſexton, thou art ſecret; What? lets be Comfortable one to an other.

Pri. We are all mortall mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. True, and Ile ſerue God in the night hereafter, afore the Duke of Norfolke. *Exeunt.*

Enter ſir Ralph Clare, and ſir Arthur Ierningham, truſſing their points, as new vp.

Sir Ra. Good morrow gentle Knight,
A happy day after your ſhort nights reſt.

Sir Ar. Ha, ha, ſir *Ralph*, ſtirring ſo ſoone indeed,
Birlady ſir, reſt would haue done right well,

Our

Our Riding late last night, has made me drowsie,
Goe to, goe to, those daies are gone with vs.
Sir Ra. sir *Arthur*, sir *Arthur*, care goe with those daies,
Let'am euen goe together, let'am goe:
Tis time yfaith that we were in our graues,
When Children leaue obedience to their Parents,
When ther's no feare of God, no care, no dutie:
Well, well, nay, it shall not doe, it shall not,
No *Mounchensey*, thou't here on't, thou shalt,
Thou shalt yfaith, Ile hang thy son if there be law in England:
A mans childe rauisht from a Nunrie:
This is rare; well, thers one gon for Friar *Hildersham*.
Sir Ar. Nay, gentle Knight doe not vexe thus,
It will but hurt your heate;
You cannot grieue more then I doe, but to what end; but harke
You sir *Ralph*, I was about to say something; it makes no matter; But harke you in your eare; the Friar's a knaue, but God forgiue me, a Man cannot tell neither, s'foote, I am so out of patience, I know not what to say.
Sir Ral. Theres one went for the Friar an hower agoe,
Comes he not yet? foote, if I doe finde knauery vnder's Cowle,
Ile tickle him: Ile firke him; here here, he's here, he's here:
Good morrow Friar, good morrow gentle Friar.

Enter Hildersham.

Sir Ar. Good morrow Father *Hildersham*, good morrow.
Hil. Good morrow reuerend Knights vnto you both.
Sir Ar. Father, how now? you heare how matters goe,
I am vndone, my Childe is cast away,
You did your best; at least I thinke the best,
But we are all crost, flatly all is dasht.
Hil. Alas good Knights, how might the matter be?
Let me vnderstand your griefe for Charitie.
Sir Ar. Who does not vnderstand my griefe? alas, alas!
And yet you doe not: will the Church permit,
A Nunne in approbation of her Habit,

To

To be rauiſhed.

Hild. A Holy-woman, *Benedicite*; now God forefend that any ſhould preſume to touch the ſiſter of a Holy-houſe.

Sir Ar. Ieſus deliuer me.

Sir Ral. Why, *Milleſcent* the Daughter of this Knight, is out of *Cheſter* taken this laſt night.

Hild. Was that faire Maiden late become a Nun?

Sir Ral. Was ſhe (quoth a?) knauerie, knauery, knauery, knauery; I ſmell it, I ſmell it yfaith; is the winde in that doore? is it euen ſo? doſt thou aske me that now?

Hild. It is the firſt time that ere I heard of it.

Sir Ar. Thats very ſtrange.

Sir Ra. Why tell me Friar, tell me, thou art counted a holy man; doe not play the hypocrite with me, nor (beare with me) I cannot diſſemble: did I ought but by thy owne conſent? by thy allowance? nay further, by thy warrant?

Hild. Why reuerend Knight?

Sir Ra. Vnreuerend Friar.

Hild. Nay then giue me leaue ſir to depart in quiet, I had hop'd you had ſent for me to ſome other end.

Sir Ar. Nay, ſtay good Friar, if any thing hath hapt,
About this matter in thy loue to vs,
That thy ſtrickt order cannot iuſtifie;
Admit it to be ſo, we will couer it,
Take no care man;
Diſclaime not yet my counſell and aduiſe,
The wiſeſt man that is may be ore-reacht.

Hild. Sir *Arthur*, by my Order, and my Faith,
I know not what you meane.

Sir Ra. By your Order, & by your faith, this is moſt ſtrange; why tell me Friar, are not you Confeſſor to my ſonne *Francket*?

Hild. Yes that I am.

Sir Ral. And did not this good Knight heere, and my ſelfe Confeſſe with you, being his Ghoſtly Father,
To deale with him about th'vnbanded marriage,
Betwixt him, and that faire young *Milleſcens*?

Hil. I neuer heard of any match intended.

Sir Ar. Did not we breake our mindes that very time,
That our deuice in making her a Nunne,
Was but a colour, and a very plotte,
To put by young *Mounchensey*; Ist not true?

Hild. The more I striue to know what you should meane, the lesse I vnderstand you.

Sir Ral. Did not you tell vs still, how *Peter Fabell* at length would crosse vs, if wee tooke not heed?

Hil. I haue heard of one that is a great Magitian,
But hee's about the Vniuersity.

Sir Ral. Did you not send your Nouice *Benedic*,
To perswade the girle to leaue *Mounchenseyes* loue?
To crosse that *Peter Fabell* in his Art,
And to that purpose made him Visitor?

Hil. I neuer sent my Nouice from my house,
Nor haue we made our visitation yet.

Sir Ar. Neuer sent him? Nay, did he not goe? and did not I direct him to the house, and conferre with him by the way? and did he not tell me what charge he had receiued from you. word by word, as I requested at your hands?

Hil. That you shall know, he came along with me, and staies without; come hither *Benedic*. *Enter Benedic.*
Young *Benedic*, were you ere sent by me to *Cheston* Nunnerie; for a Visitor?

Ben. Neuer sir, truely.

Sir Ar. Stranger then all the rest.

Sir Ra. Did not I direct you to the house?
Conferre with you from *Waltham* Abbey,
Vnto *Cheston* wall?

Ben. I neuer saw you sir before this hower.

Sir Ral. The Deuill thou didst not: Hoe Chamberlaine.
Enter Chamberlaine.

Cham. Anon, anon.

Sir Ral. Call min Host *Blague* hither.

Cham. I will send one ouer sir to see if he be vp, I thinke he be scarce stirring yet.

Sir

Sir Ra. Why knaue, didſt thou not tell me an houre agoe mine Hoſt was vp?

Cham. I ſir, my maſter's vp.

Sir Ra. You knaue, is a vp, and is a not vp? Doſt thou mocke me?

Cham. I ſir, my Maſter is vp, but I thinke Maſter *Blague* indeede be not ſtirring.

Sir Ra. Why who's thy Maſter? is not the maſter of the houſe thy maſter?

Cham. Yes ſir, but M. *Blague* dwells ouer the way.

Sir Ar. Is not this the George? before *Ione* theres ſome villany in this.

Cham. Foote, our ſignes remoou'd, this is ſtrange.

Enter Blague truſſing his poynts.

Hoſt. Chamberlaine, ſpeake vp to the new Lodgings,
Bid *Nell* looke well to the bak't meates,
How now my old Ienerts banke, my horſe,
My caſtle, lie in *Waltham* all night, and not
Vnder the canopie of your Hoſt *Blagues* houſe?

Sir Ar. Mine Hoſt, mine hoſt, we lay all night at the George in *Waltham*, but whether the George be your fe-ſimple or no, tis a queſtion, looke vpon your ſigne.

Hoſt. Body of ſaint *George*, this is mine ouerthwart Neighbour hath done this; if I doe not indite him at the next Aſſiſes for Burglary, let me die of the yellowes; for I ſee tis no boote in theſe daies to ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke, the villanous world is turn'd manger, one Iade deceiues an other, and and your Oſtler playes his part commonly for the fourth ſhare, haue we comedies in hand, you whorſon villanous male *London*-leether?

Sir Ar. Mine Hoſt, we haue had the moylingſt night of it that euer we had in our liues.

Hoſt, Iſt certaine?

Sir Ar. We haue beene in the Forreſt all night almoſt.

Hoſt. Foote, how did I miſſe you? hart, I was ſtealing of a

Bucke there.

Sir Ar. A plague on you? we were ſtayed for you.

Hoſt. Were you my noble Romanes? why, you ſhall ſhare, the veniſon is a footing, *Sine Cerere & Bacchо, friget Venere*; that is, theres a good breake-faſt prouided for a Marriage, that's in my houſe this morning.

Sir Ar. A marriage mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. A Coniunction copulatiue, a gallant match, betweene your Daughter, and M. *Raymond Mounchenſey*, young *Innes.*

Sir Aa. How?

Hoſt. Tis firme, tis done,
Weele ſhew you a Preſident i'th Ciuill-law for't.

Sir Ra. How! married?

Hoſt. Leaue trickes, and admiration, theres a cleanely paire of ſheetes on the bed in the Orchard chamber, and they ſhall lie there: what? Ile doe it, I ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Ar. Thou ſhalt repent this *Blague.*

Sir Ral. If any Law in England will make thee ſmart for this, expect it with all ſeueritie.

Hoſt. I renownce your defiance, if you parle ſo roughly, ile barracado my gates againſt you: ſtand faire Bully; Prieſt come off from the reward; what can you ſay now? t'was done in my houſe, I haue ſhelter i'th Court for't; Doe you ſee yon bay window? I ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke, and tis his Lodging, ſtorme, I care not, ſeruing the good Duke of Norfolke: thou art an actor in this, and thou ſhalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

Enter Smug, Mounchenſey, Harry Clare, and Millescent.

Smug. Fire, nouns, ther's no fire in England like your *Trinidado* ſacke; is any man here humorous? wee ſtole the Veniſon, and weele iuſtifie it; ſay you now.

Hoſt. In good ſooth *Smug*, theres more Sacke on the fire *Smug.*

Smug. I doe not take any exceptions againſt your Sacke, but if you'le lend me a pike-ſtaffe, ile cudgell them all hence, by this hand.

Hoſt.

Host. I say thou shalt into the Cellar.

Smug. S'foot mine Host, shalls not grapple? Pray pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrices ege; shalls not serue the Duke of Norfolke? *Exit.*

Host. In skipper in.

Sir Arth. Sirra, hath young *Mountchensey* married your Sister?

Har Cla. Tis certaine sir; heeres the Priest that coupled them; the Parties ioyned, and the honest witnesse that cride, Amen.

Moun. Sir *Arthur Clare*, my new created Father, I beseech you heare me.

Sir Ar. Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy, you haue done that you cannot answer; I dare be bold to ceaze on her from you, for shee's a profest Nun.

Mill. With pardon sir, that name is quite vndon,
This true-loue knot cancelles both Maide and Nun.
When first you told me I should act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept ore my heart.
To *Chesson* with a smiling brow I went,
But yet, deere sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweet *Raymond* might finde better meanes,
To steale me thence: in briefe disguisde he came,
Like Nouice to old Father *Hildersham*:
His Tutor heere did act that cunning part,
And in our loue hath ioynd much wit to Art.

Cla. Is't euen so?

Mill. With pardon therefore we intreat your smiles,
Loue th'marted, turnes it selfe to thousand wiles.

Cla. Young Maister *Iermingham*, were you an actor, in your owne loues abuse?

Ier. My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously vnto this end,
To wrong my selfe ere Ide abuse my friend.

Host. He speakes like a Batchelor of musicke, all in numbers; Knights, if I had knowne you would haue let this couie of Partridges sitte thus long vpon their knees vnder my signe-post,

I would haue ſpread my doore with couerlids.

Sir Ar. Well ſir, for this your ſigne was remooued, was it?

Hoſt. Faith we followed the directions of the deuill Maſter *Peter Fabell*, and *Smug* (Lord bleſſe vs) could neuer ſtand vpright ſince.

Sir Ar You ſir, twas you was his Miniſter that maried them.

Sir Io. Sir to proue my ſelfe an honeſt man, being that I was laſt night in the Forreſt ſtealing Veniſon; now ſir to haue you ſtand my friend, if the matter ſhould be cal'd in queſtion, I married your Daughter to this worthy Gentleman.

Sir Ar. I may chance to requite you, and make your necke cracke for't.

Sir Io. If you doe, I am as reſolute as my Neighbour Vicar of *Waltham*-Abbey: a hem.

Graſſe and hay, we are all mortall,
Lets liue till we be hangd mine Hoſt,
And be merry, and theres an end.

Enter Fabian.

Fab. Now Knights I enter, now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at firſt I knew
What you intended, ere your loue tooke flight,
From old *Monnchenſey*; you ſir *Arthur Clare*,
Were minded to haue married this ſweet beauty,
To young *Francke Iernigham*; to croſſe this match,
I vſde ſome pretty ſleights, but I proteſt,
Such as but ſate vpon the skirts of Art,
No Coniurations, nor ſuch weighty ſpels,
As tie the ſoule to their performancy:
Theſe for his loue who once was my deare Puple,
Haue I affected: Now me thinks tis ſtrange,
That you being old in wiſedome, ſhould thus knit,
Your forehead on this match; ſince reaſon failes,
No Law can curbe the Louers raſh atempt,
Yeares in reſiſting this, are ſadly ſpent:
Smile then vpon your daughter and kind ſonne.
And let our toyle to future ages proue,
The Deuill of *Edmonton* did good in loue.

Sir

Sir Ar. Well, tis in vaine to crosse the Prouidence:
Deere Sonne I take thee vp into my heart,
Rise Daughter, this is a kinde Fathers part.

Host. Why sir *George*, send for *Spindles* Noise presently,
Ha, ert be night, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Ioh. Grasse and hey, mine Host, lets liue till we die, and be merry, and theres an end.

Sir Ar. What, is breakefast ready mine Host?

Host. Tis my little Hebrew.

Sir Ar. Sirra, ride straight to *Chesson*-Nunrie,
Fetch thence my Lady, the House I know,
By this time misses their youug Votarie,
Come Knights lets in.

Bilbo. I will to horse presently sir, a plague on my Lady, I shall misse a good breakfast. *Smug*, how chance you cut so plaguely behind, *Smug*?

Smug. Stand away, ile founder yon else.

Bil. Farewell *Smug*, thou art in an other element,

Smug. I will be by and by, I will be Saint *George* againe.

Sir Ar. Take heed the fellow doe not hurt himselfe.

Sir Ra. Did we not last night finde two St. *Georges* heere?

Fab. Yes Knights, this Martialist was one of them.

Cla. Then thus conclude your night of merriment.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.